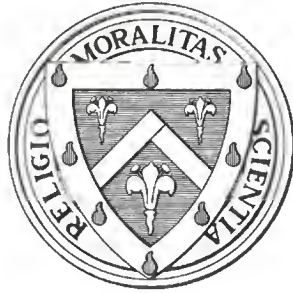


# MEASURE



WINTER 1942

# MEASURE



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

WINTER

1942

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

# MEASURE

(All Catholic Rating, 1940-1941)

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Volume IV

WINTER, 1942

No. 2

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MEASURE, published quarterly, during the months of December, February, April and June by the students of St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana. Subscriptions, \$2.00 a year; fifty cents a copy. Entered as second class matter at Collegeville, Indiana, 1937.

# As Through a Dark Glass

FRANCIS B. O'DONNELL

*Now, by the frail sight of the human mind, we see and understand so little of God, of His Son, and of His Church. Someday, God willing, we shall know. Until then we must use signs and symbols—patterns of reality for our Faith. Of these symbols and their meaning, Mr. O'Donnell writes simply and instructively.*

As old as man himself, symbolism is one of the most fascinating and colorful languages of all time. Prior to the knowledge of written languages primitive man, in his own crude sort of way, devised means whereby he could portray his thoughts and emotions to his fellow men through the medium of symbols. It is impossible to trace symbolistic origin throughout the ages; the lily has always been the symbol for purity, the lamb of meekness, and the lion of manliness and courage. All these various signs played an important part in man's thought and expression. The ancient Egyptians used hieroglyphics to convey thought to one another. Then the Phoenicians and Eastern peoples in their zeal to convey thought and emotions found their objective with the first alphabet. Thus, down through the ages to the domination of the Roman emperors, with their mighty strong-arm legions using symbols on their various standards to designate their ranks, did symbolism play an important part.

It was inevitable that our first saints or early Christians, in the early stages of new-found Christianity, being forced to uphold and hide their new born faith within the protective walls of the Catacombs, and being accustomed to convey their thoughts and ideas through pictures and signs, should portray with symbolistic interpretation their divine love in the Savior and His Sacraments. In the early centuries after Christ symbolism was a language that made a Christian known to his fellow Christian. It portrayed Divine Services and was an indication of communication and reception of the Sacraments.

In the year 313, the Edict of Milan broke the obligation of the secret practice of one's faith. But ever-increasing symbolism continued down to our present era. Right in our present twentieth century it is one of the most interesting parts of Catholic worship and few of us in this present day and age realize the momentuous spiritual value derived therefrom. The symbolism expressed in every Catholic or Chapel constitutes a powerful aid to increased devotion and, to us Catholics, should be a constant

source of inspiration in our quiet moments of meditation within the peaceful mystic solitude of the Holy Tabernacle.

Few of our pious Catholics realize that their Church, no matter if it be within the noise and bustle of a large metropolis, or amid the God-like peace and quiet of a warm and cozy little village, is a sermon in stone and marble. Every article used therein contains a holy message for the parishioner's consolation and edification.

A certain Fr. Nieuborn remarks that "As a rule, devout and pious Catholics are but poorly acquainted with the almost inexhaustible treasures of piety and learning embodied in their Churches." He goes on to say that, "each Church should have a Symbolic and Iconographic Guide for the parishioners' instruction." This, as we can plainly see, would promote and further an intellectual appreciation of God's House and refresh our impulses to a tender devotion of Jesus Crucified, Who, as we well know, is the beginning and end of all symbolism. Our Church symbolism consists of emblems, signs, and tokens, having as their object the admonition of Christians, in a silent but fruitful language, to repel the lightning attacks of the devil and his army, and to practice virtue within the guiding arms of Holy Mother Church.

The most important of the Church's symbols is the Cross, signifying our Redemption and Christianity, surmounting all our Catholic edifices throughout the entire world. Among the earliest forms of the Christian cross were the Anchor Cross, representing Christ as the Savior of Mankind; the Three Step Cross representing the Theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity; the Papal Cross with the three transverse beams, and the Celtic or Wheel Cross. So important is the Cross in Catholic Worship that our very churches are so constructed as to form a cross. A splendid example of this symbol is St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City.

The two divisions of a church interior, nave and sanctuary, are for the laity and clergy, respectively. The nave signifies the Church Militant, union of the faithful on this earth, while the former according to beloved doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, symbolizes "Triumphant Heaven where Christ is seated in the Throne." The Baptistry usually outside the nave contains the baptismal font of stone which is an allusion to the fact that Our Savior "The Fountain of Living Waters" is the rock on which He built His Church.

Our Church doors everywhere, whether they be on a shabby grass hut amid tropical surroundings, or on a magnificent spectacle of Gothic architecture, are symbols of our Blessed Lord who said "I am the Door. If anyone enter by Me, he shall be safe." The cornerstone of the building represents Christ Himself, He being the "Stone of Foundation" on which all the others rest.



The windows in our Chapels and Churches have many mystic meanings attributed to them. Our Church windows are symbolic of Holy Scripture and the Writings of the Fathers, for both admit the light of God's true sun into the hearts of all His faithful here upon this earth. When windows consist of three divisions, they are symbolic of the Blessed Trinity; when of seven parts, they are symbolic of the Seven Sacraments issuing grace; and when there are five divisions, they represent the Five Most Precious Wounds of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Our Chapel windows here on our own beautiful campus fall under the last division stated.

More profound meaning is attached to east windows for they shed the sparkling, glittering beams of God-given light upon the Altar of Sacrifice. The circular shape of the Rose Window denotes the perfection of Almighty God, Who is Infinite. As this Rose Window shines forth as a rose of light, so it represents the beauty of Jesus, the reflection of God the Father reigning in the high heavens.

Now for a brief mention of the principal objects to be found in every church. The altar, most naturally, is of prime importance. So full of symbolism is this center of every church that pages could be written on it alone. Nevertheless, one may establish a two-fold symbolism for the altar: (1) the dwelling place of Jesus, where the Holy Sacrifice is offered daily for the needs of the faithful, and, (2) the place of adoration where the priest, as an *Alter Christus*, another Christ, offers up the prayers and petitions of his congregation. The chalice, ciborium, paten, cloths, candles . . . all have their meaning which should be known by all, who profess the faith of Christ, and partake of His ever-strengthening sacraments and graces.

Many are the symbols which refer to the life of Our Lord. Chief among them are the instruments of His Sacred Passion. The Bloody Scourge which cut Innocent Flesh; the Crown of Thorns and Nails which pierced His Sacred Body, and the dice and wooden Cross, the final death bed for the "Carpenter of Nazareth." But last but not least thirty pieces of silver, which betrayed the God-Man to his murderous captors.

Then again the beauties of Nature express God and His goodness. The Sun represents God as the "Light of the World." The Moon represents Holy Mother Church receiving her light from the Sun. Then the three-leaf clover and fleur de lis designate the Holy Trinity, and thus with reproduction of many sorts, do men from various fields of art and science present or portray, through symbolism, their ideals of the Almighty.

From these high ideals artists have also expressed their devotion to the Holy Mother of Mankind, the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Lily, the Star, the Tower of Ivory, the Ark of the Covenant are all symbols, ascribed to Her Virginity and Divine Motherhood. Mary Immaculate is often said to have been crowned with twelve stars. The venerable St.

Bernard says that these stars denote Her Majesty as the Queen of the Apostles.

The Pelican is a beautiful symbol of the Holy Eucharist. It is said that the Pelican pierces its breast to feed its young with its own blood. A beautiful comparison is the ever-nourishing Blood of Jesus Christ feeding with His Divine Mercy His ever-increasing flock, who thirst daily for His Blood of Spiritual sanctification.

Thus, in days like these, it is with pride and honor that any true Catholic can explain and defend his Faith against the onslaughts of a materialistic, commercialized world. Symbolism is an ample means to strengthen an individual's faith and to edify his neighbor. If this should incite our Catholic young men and women to investigate further into the hidden glories of their religion, then they will have benefited a great deal. For with a thorough knowledge of their Church, founded by Jesus Christ, they can be a credit to their Faith and a source of edification to others who are blindly seeking the God-given principles of the Church of Peter.

Symbolism is a means to further our Catholic culture and such study will reap reward a thousand fold.

## PROVOCATIVE . . . .

The index volume of the *Dictionary of American Biography* is lots of fun. Here are a few of the facts I found in those pages. (The statistics are by no means absolutely accurate and are not offered in that sense.)

Of all the renowned people who have won their place in the famous dictionary only 211 have been the products of Catholic Colleges. That is the broad field for much speculation. Details can follow.

Individual schools, with some few names thrown in, make interesting sources for thought. The Old College of St. Xavier of New York gave eleven names to the dictionary; Fordham, twelve (Mr. John LaFarge, John Gilmary Shea); Georgetown, forty (Conde B. Pallen, Maurice Egan Bishop Fenwick); Mount St. Mary's in Maryland, twenty-two (George H. Miles, Bishop Purcell); Notre Dame University, seven (Knut Rockne, Father Corby); St. Joseph's College, Kentucky, eleven; St. Louis University, twelve; St. Mary's College, Maryland, thirty-five (Cardinal Gibbons); St. Mary's Seminary, Maryland, nine (John Bannister Tabb).

This partial rostrum is, of course, no kind of glorying in the past; it is rather the cause for an impulse to look over our present student-body and to wonder.

P. F. S.

# You Never Can Tell

ROBERT DE SHON

*Most of us spend some deal of time endeavoring to figure the other fellow, what he is and what he thinks. Sometimes, too, we succeed to a degree; but often there is a case that is one huge question mark. Charlie was one of these, and the author did not get to know him until . . .*

Beneath the glare of a few overhead lamps whose rays were guided by glossy green shades stood a large oak table. On it lay nothing but an ink-dotted desk pad, a couple of pens, a large bottle of ink, and a few scattered instruction sheets and reports.

This desk was seemingly a formidable, important part of the mailing department. Desks usually never have much significance in themselves but this one bore a definite appearance of neatness, formality, coldness. However, the man behind this desk was responsible for all the neatness, formality and coldness it might show.

On the edge of the desk stood a small card with the words "Superintendent of Mail." The man behind the desk was Charlie. His last name I never knew. No man was ever more respected, or perhaps feared, than was Charlie. In his bare feet he must have towered to a good six and a half feet, weighing well over two hundred pounds. Strangely enough for a man in such excellent health he was well past fifty years of age. That probably explains the respect that men had for his wisdom, but the two hundred pounds he packed behind it more than likely explains the fear some held for him.

He afforded an atmosphere of stern concentration as he sat beneath the glaring lights, a green eye shade pulled down on his brow. Being an incessant smoker, he had literally covered the floor with cigarette butts, which was quite a contrast to the prim nicety of the desk top. That wasn't the only strange thing which I frequently noticed though. He always had a cold stare in his eyes which seemed to be nursing something sad in his heart; this, however, it seemed he tried to hide in his air of severity.

To my knowledge nearly everyone in the carrier's division of the post office had been "called on the carpet" at some time or another by Charlie. That, I am sure, is the reason seemingly everyone there knew by heart each item on Charlie's desk. They just couldn't stand up against that cold stare in his eyes.

I had gone to work there in the post office during my Christmas va-



cation. The one week that I worked, though, was ample time for me to become acquainted with Charlie's likes and dislikes.

Never will I forget that first verbal encounter with the "cold man of the mails." It was my first morning at work. When I arrived he was showing the new men how to punch the time clock. When my turn came I slipped my card in the slot and pushed down on the punch.

"No! No!" he barked. "Hit it hard . . . like this . . . !" He banged the handle down and pulled the card out. See? Now don't go making any mistakes on these cards. We have to pay for them ya' know."

"Yes, sir," I replied, summoning my composure.

"Now, come over here to the desk." Pushing the eye shade up on his head he glanced over the list of new workers. "So you're from North Hill, huh?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Know many of the streets?"

"Not very many . . . I've lived here only a few months, sir."

"Holy cats!" he shouted, "they send me a man to carry mail and he doesn't even know the streets! Well, I'll have to use you now . . . you'll be Buxton's helper for the week."

This was my first taste of Charlie's severity, and truly it was a lasting one. It was scarcely possible to be at any place in the mailing department without being under the careful supervision of Charlie's critical eye. His desk stood at the far end of the room while the tables used for sorting and routing the mail were arranged in three single rows the length of the room.

During the ensuing week Charlie's firm hand wielded itself stronger than ever before in his thirty years in the mail service. Despite the fact that it was the heaviest Christmas mail in ten years, there wasn't a scrap to be cleaned up Christmas Eve. Charlie motioned me over to his desk.

"Have you rung out yet?," he inquired.

"No, sir," I replied.

"Get your hat and coat then," he snapped, "one of the boys is having trouble getting finished. I may need you to help him. We'll drive over to the route in my car."

In the short time that it took us to drive from the post office to the route I learned more about Charlie than I could possibly have gathered in a month of observation. In those few minutes he seemed to shed his definite air of coldness. He was a different man . . . but still a sad one. He had reason to be. During the course of the conversation, with a slow, depressed voice, he told me that only a short time before he had lost both of his children in a tragic accident. I no longer questioned that look in his eyes. I had learned an impressing tale of human life.

# Pattern for Chemists

JOHN TERVEER

*In every walk of life some Catholic will be proficient. Here is one in the field of chemistry: expert, true, efficient, stalwart, devout. Mr. Taylor has made a name for himself which calls for no apology. Ask any chemist; he will know him.*

I have here in my hand an object which to an onlooker might appear to be a bunch of grapes clustered on an elongated stem, or a modern woman's necklace. In reality it is a plastic model perfected by Professor Hugh S. Taylor and used in demonstrating the complexity of organic structures to the students at Princeton University. True, to many not interested in the field of science, this introduction might be of little importance, but to realize the great and masterful mind behind his many accomplishments, his training and education, how he spends his leisure time, and last but surely not least, his advice to the Catholic men of today, should be of tremendous interest to all students in this modern day of specialization.

Hugh S. Taylor at the age of twenty years had attained his Master's Degree in Science from the University of Liverpool. Due to his interest in science and mental ability as shown at this early age, he had the opportunity of spending a year's research under the great Svante Arrhenius at the Nobel Institute, Stockholm, while working for his Doctor's Degree. From Stockholm to Hanover, Germany, went Hugh Taylor to spend a further year of studying and experimenting in the Laboratory of the Technische Hochschule under the famous chemist, Max Bodenstein. He returned to the University of Liverpool and received his degree of Doctor of Science.

Doctor Taylor, at this time only twenty-four years of age, was called to Princeton soon after his graduation in 1914, as an Instructor in Physical Chemistry. But Doctor Taylor did not take his coveted education for granted. He continued studying and spending tedious hours in the laboratory, always working with this thought uppermost in mind, that maybe by his efforts he might uncover one of the hidden wonders of Chemistry and thus help all humanity. During his research and teaching career at Princeton, he received several promotions and was appointed Chairman of the Chemistry Department which he still holds today.

Doctor Taylor was rewarded for his long research when he submitted his work on Catalysis to the chemical world. (A catalyst is a substance

which speeds up a chemical reaction and may be recovered practically unchanged at the end of the reaction.) - Catalysis, which was long considered a mystery, as explained by Doctor Taylor won for him many awards. He also contributed to the science world by his experiments with heavy water. Some of the awards for his contributions in different chemical fields include the following: In 1928 he was the Nichols Medalist of the American Chemical Society; in 1933 he was selected for the Mendel Medal of Villanova College. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London in 1932. For the academic year 1936-37, Professor Taylor was Francqui Professor in the University of Louvain, Belgium. He received the Doctor of Science (hon. causa) from Louvain University and was made Commander of the Order of Leopold II of Belgium. He is a member of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, Vatican City, and an honorary member of the Belgium Chemical Society. In June, 1938, Providence College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws (hon. causa). He received the degree of Honorary Doctor of Science from Rutgers University on the occasion of the 175th Anniversary Celebration of Rutgers, October, 1941. Besides this, Professor Taylor is the Associate Editor of the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*, the *Journal of Physical Chemistry*, and the *Journal of Chemical Physics*.

Although one might picture Professor Taylor as a serious minded individual, concerned only with the complexities of nature, this is hardly the case. A true picture of him would portray a humble man with a winning smile and pleasing personality. Besides being a model father of his two daughters, he spends his leisure time with his hobby, pictorial photography. But, because of his heavy responsibilities and lack of time for this pastime, he has carried his hobby into the laboratory with him to some extent and taken some remarkable pictures of his work.

At the present time, Professor Taylor is at the disposal of the U. S. Government, ready and willing to give any assistance needed, whether in the field of research or as an authority in chemical research, gained by his accomplishments and experience in the field of Chemistry. It is men such as Hugh Taylor that America needs in its frantic search for synthetic products of rubber and tin, new methods of obtaining greater yields of many ores such as steel, aluminum, and magnesium, and the solutions to those problems which confront the chemist in this time of conflict.

In my search for material concerning this prominent Catholic scientist, I had the privilege of receiving a personal letter from Doctor Taylor, in which he states:

"My advice to a Catholic young man about to enter the field of science is relatively easy to give, but hard for him to put into practice. He must work hard and long with the best scientific minds to which he has access. This last is of great importance. It is significant that many of the second

generation of Nobel Prizemen are themselves students of Nobel Prizemen. I would counsel a brilliant young student in the sciences to go, at least for graduate work, to the laboratory of the best man in the country in the subject in which the student is interested, wherever he is to be found. Make all the financial sacrifices that are possible as long as they are possible. Tell parents that inflation, death, duties can never take away a good education—that this is better than any post-mortem legacy. Let the training be one of breadth, with depth in the particular field. Be prepared to continue as a student to the end. The Ph.D. degree should be the symbol of entrance on a scholarly career, not the tombstone recording its termination. At fifty, with the present progress of knowledge, in the physical sciences especially, the scientist finds that half of what is known was not known when he took his Ph.D. degree. And, as a Catholic, the student should realize that there are all too few of his kind abroad in the land, that there is need of scientists who, masterly in their own scientific pursuits, can at the same time, in obedience with Holy Mother Church, cry out 'Credo in Unum Deum'."

#### THEATRE ITEM . . . .

The meeting of the Midwest Region of the National Catholic Theatre Conference at Loras was a success. Apart from things accomplished, there remains for me a kind of dream of many interesting projects still to be tried and done.

Might not the Conference be interested in a kind of drama clinic, a work-in-progress discussion, in which all the difficulties, new ideas, and sundry problems might be fully discussed and disputed?

Could not the Conference find interest in a kind of "refresher" course in which the very latest experimental methods (living newspaper and so on) of the professional stage might be brought to the notice of the delegates?

Why should not the College Section find it feasible to plan excursions into the new-play field: translations of Gheon, Peman, and Bourget; revivals of Miles, Logan, and medieval plays?

Might not, could not, should not?

P. F. S.



# A Rebel

JOHN WELSH

*Mr. Beebles belongs to a third of a nation; perhaps we should raise the fraction in the interest of truth. But Mr. B. is a champion of a cause that needs a hero. Historians will never fix his name to the pages of living, but this gentleman certainly deserves to be remembered. And his tribe must increase.*

Mr. Beebles entered the drugstore, walked up to the tobacco counter and asked for his favorite brand of razor blades and shaving cream.

"And a package of cigarettes," he added.

The clerk beamed and placed Mr. Beebles' purchases on the counter. "How are you fixed for hair tonic, sir?" he inquired graciously. "Special today, eight-ounce bottle for only twenty-nine cents."

"Give me three bottles."

"Yes, sir!" the clerk hummed a happy tune as he added the bottles to Mr. Beebles' bundle. "We're featuring our pound box of Goody-Good



"Goldfish, pretty little things, only seven cents . . ."



candies today," he said cheerfully. "A full pound assortment for only thirty-two cents. Nice eating, sir."

"Two boxes," said Mr. Beebles.

The clerk gaped at Mr. Beebles for several seconds, frowned, then brought out the candy from the display case. His hands trembled slightly. "We've a great value in ironing cords," he said in a voice that showed he doubted it. "A five-foot cord for a quarter."

"I'll take four cords," Beebles said. "No, better make it six."

Visibly shaken, the clerk turned and walked slowly back to the electrical department. When he returned he was followed by the store manager, who stood off a short distance and watched Mr. Beebles carefully. The manager's presence seemed to lend courage to the clerk. He placed the ironing cords on the counter.

"Our luggage department has a very special bargain today, sir," he said, chipper enough, but still a trifle nervous. "Genuine pigskin . . ."

"Have you any trunks?" Mr. Beebles interrupted. "Steamer trunks?"

The clerk's face turned delicate green. "I believe so," he muttered. "I believe we have one."

"Two," corrected Mr. Beebles. "I want two."

While the clerk wandered off muttering, after the trunks, the store manager stepped nearer to Mr. Beebles and stared hard. The clerk reappeared several minutes later, dragging the trunks behind him. He mopped his brow and turned to Mr. Beebles. He spoke in a hoarse whisper, "Now was there something else, sir? Goldfish, pretty little things, only seven cents . . ."

"I'll take two gross of goldfish," replied Mr. Beebles.

The clerk gave a low, agonized groan and the manager hurried over to Mr. Beebles and grasped him by the coat collar.

"See here, you!" he said, scowling. "You better run along before I call a cop. Go on, scram."

Mr. Beebles doffed his hat, bowed low, and walked out, triumphant. The common people had scored.

# Henry Lives Again

THOMAS SCHEIBER

*Henry didn't expect this tribute; in fact, he never so much as dreamed that any man could use him for the subject of a paper. Henry may even glare at you for reading this, but you know Henry.*

For about thirty-five years now, Henry has been faithfully discharging the duties of custodian, caretaker, and all the other names one might wish to apply to a man of Henry's position, over his janitorate, as we might call it, a large parish in a quiet, average-sized, midwestern town.

Through the cold, bleak, and dark mornings of winter; through the wet, gray dawns of the rainy and foggy spring, to the bright, sunny mornings of fragrant summer, Henry can be seen bouncing hurriedly toward the church in order that he might get there in time to ring the bells for the morning Angelus. Through thirty-five of these climatic cycles, Henry has staunchly gone about his work with never so much as a week's respite for his labors.

Concerning Henry and his work, he is punctuality personified to the 'n'th degree when it comes to being on time for ringing the morning Angelus, his first daily task; but an eager and an expectant thirst is the outstanding characteristic of his other, less-dignified self, on display just a few short minutes later as he downs a breakfast usually topped off with a few foaming brews, his favorite dessert, at a nearby restaurant. Henry's janitorial order of the day continues with the banking of the fires, opening the school, sweeping the walks, all followed by the first of several cat-naps which punctuate his working day at intervals, dividing it, we might say, into a group of periods almost equal in length. Henry's a good worker, though, and he won't let anybody get away with saying or even intimating that there is a lack of industriousness in his corpulent body.

Scrutinizing Henry's physical features, he isn't a whole lot to look at, in one sense of the term, but then in another, he's quite the opposite. He isn't exactly the counterpart of Atlas with regards to physique; he has the kind of a body which would, no doubt, be susceptible to much swaying and rocking even to the extent of inducing sleep should he happen to trip and fall over. If his face were to be drawn by a caricaturist who would over-emphasize certain of his more prominent protrusions and intrusions as is characteristic of caricaturists, the resulting drawing would have no little resemblance to the face of a hoot owl. Invariably he keeps a partially bald head hidden by an old, coal-dusty

cap. With his round face, his large eyes with accentuated magnanimity because of horn-rimmed specs, and with his beak-like nose this wise old bird goes about his daily work not the least bit depressed or put out because of his facial peculiarities.

Henry, being of large stature, doesn't possess the deep bass voice characteristic of big men; however, its high pitch blends perfectly with his facial features just as the hoot does with the owl. But it isn't scratchy or squeaky as lofty voices are inclined to be at times; no, not Henry's voice. His tone doesn't have a chance to become squeaky, for as many of our great, modern machines are kept running in oil, so also is Henry's throat to guard against a squeaky voice. His jaws are constantly kept lubricated with the oil of tobacco juice. So inveterate a chewer is he that one who knows him wouldn't be surprised if he'd consider himself immodestly dressed if he didn't have an egg-sized cud in his mouth. It has been said about Henry, jocularly, of course, that the limp which he possesses is due to the weight of his wad of tobacco which he constantly keeps on the left side of his face. They also say that from now on he will have to keep a cud in his mouth just so that he can retain his equilibrium while walking.

But in spite of these seemingly peculiar characteristics of his, Henry has always been a great favorite with the little children of the school; he spends many a recess period entertaining and brightening the spirits of a small group of children. Many are the people today who can say that their acquaintance with Henry during their grade school days has lasted and will last as an outstanding and significant memory of their childhood.

Henry has his points for criticism; he is a stickler for putting on a show. Many have been the instances that he has reveled in the glory that was his as he pushed out the big pulpit for the Sunday sermons, or in demonstrating his strength by pulling the bell ropes in the church vestibule and ringing all four of them at once. But the installation of a few modern conveniences, or inconveniences in Henry's case, has put the damper on his public appearances: a public address system has replaced the pulpit, and simple electric bell-ringers now take the place of those four great ropes. Henry now silently fumes at the thought of this modern machine age that has taken away the few moments of exaltation that were his.

Such is Henry, indispensable Henry; Henry who is nonchalantly aware of his idiosyncracies. Just as water is taken for granted as it comes from a turned faucet, so, too, is Henry. He will never leave this parish of his. Even after he leaves the trials and tribulations of this strife-torn world, his old over-stuffed chair down by the furnaces in the powerhouse basement will always be a haven for the spirit and the memory of Henry, his gift to the world, his sole possession, a memory.

# Fossils — Keys to the Past

STEVEN D. THEODOSIS

*A geologist speaks. The age-old story of the earth takes on new meaning here for us lay-readers. Marvellous tracteries of eras past are in this article arranged for plain reading of you and me.*

Men of all colors and races from the dawn of history have in some manner noted rocks which frequently displayed curious forms or markings, some of which resembled living things — plants or animals — while others bore a resemblance to certain geometric forms, or even to castles, cities or landscapes. Cave man carried these curious objects with reverence to his primitive home where he looked upon them with awe. In the rocks of some localities, other forms still stranger and more mysterious were to be found.

It is difficult to suppress a smile at the explanations put forward in the Classical and Middle Ages, even by men of the most undoubted distinction and ability, to account for these figures found in the rocks of the earth's crust.

These "figures" seemed to fascinate every writer who, throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, referred to the rocks of the earth's crust and each gave his own explanation of their origin. Some regarded them as the works of an occult power or influence at work in nature, a prophecy of great events to come, set forth in the very rocks of the earth's crust at the time of the creation, ages before the events themselves took place. Others believed them to be due to the operation of the forces of evil, intended to mislead or terrify mankind.

Still others held that they had their origin in "Irradiations" from heavenly bodies, the stars and planets, which had developed these curious forms. These adherents, however, were opposed by those who asked why the stars concentrated their power in certain spots instead of acting everywhere throughout the earth's crust.

Others again suggested that they had come by mere chance, a view which, however, did not meet with general acceptance, but the opinion came to be widely held that the *Lapides Figurati* were "sports" or "jokes" developed in the rocks by "Nature," perhaps when in some humorous or capricious frame of mind.

It was even suggested by some writers that before making the world and providing it with its inhabitants, the Creator engaged in several preliminary attempts or trials which proved unsatisfactory, and the plants and animals made in these experimental attempts at creation were



discarded, their remains being scattered through the rocky strata of the earth. The present fauna and flora of the earth, they said, represented the final and successful attempt which the Divine Being himself pronounced to be good.

Falloprio of Padua (1564) held that these Figured Stones were generated by vapors due to a process of fermentation set up in the rocks in those places where these were found. To go further yet, many medieval writers held that the beautiful Etruscan vessels and other earthenware vessels which had been dug up in Italy were not of human workmanship at all, but had grown within the earth itself from the same causes as other "figured stones."

Gradually however, the true explanation of the origin of fossils gained ground and prevailed — they were the actual remains of what were once living things which in some way had become embedded in the rocks of the earth's crust.

Among the very earliest of those who recognized and supported this view and won the battle for it, were Leonard da Vinci (1508), and later Hook (1635-1703).

The word *fossil* which had hitherto been applied to all bodies which were dug out of the earth's crust, including minerals and metals, gradually became restricted to organic remains. These were termed extraneous fossils by many writers, to indicate that they had not originated in the earth's crust where they were found. Later the qualifying term was rejected and the word "fossil" was confined to "Still recognizable remains of organic bodies."

The controversy which raged over the question as to whether these fossils were the remains of animals and plants had an element of bitterness infused into it owing to the fact that it was brought into the field of theological controversy. That fossils were of organic origin, it was contended, was contrary to the teaching of Holy Writ, for according to the account of creation in the book of Genesis, living things were not created until the fabric of the earth itself had been completed. Such being the case, how could the remains of living things be found enclosed within the earth's crust?

When it was definitely established that fossils were the remains of animals or plants, the champions of the theological cause shifted their position and put forward the view that these organic remains had been brought into their present position by the Noachian Deluge. So great was the violence of this flood, they declared, that the ocean stirred to its lowest depths washed away all the soil to such a height that the summits of the highest mountains were covered. Later they surmised deposition took place causing what is today our stratified rock with their fossil contents.

The consideration of this theory, though admirable, is unwarranted.



Now contrary to such unscientific and fantastic beliefs, such as that of the Anglican Bishop of Ireland, who in the year 1654 deduced from his study of the Scriptures that the Creation had taken place on the twenty-sixth day of October in the year 4004 B. C. at 9 o'clock in the morning, the present belief of the age of the earth, in which astronomers and physicists concur, has been set at some two billion years. Such figures stagger the imagination if we could grasp their meaning. However, staggering as they may be, they are true. With this has come proof that life existed in simple one-celled individuals one billion years ago. Down through these millions of years they underwent changes — evolutionary transitions that gave rise to new classes, orders and species. Many continued evolving, others were eaten by other animals, while others were covered by such protective material as ashes from volcanic explosions, bog waters, resin, ice and incrustations from mineral solution. The more completely these organic remains were excluded from the air and circulatory waters, the better the chance for their preservation as fossils.

Hence, the flesh of the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, both now extinct, has been found naturally preserved in the ice of Siberia, and in the peat bogs of Ireland. Plants having fallen in bogs, underwent a slow bacterial decomposition in which the plant material lost hydrogen and oxygen, leaving a residue of carbon which may retain much of the structure and many of the markings of the plants from which it was formed.

Under some conditions plants buried in mud or sand decay so slowly that the material is replaced by silica deposited from solution in the ground water, so that the wood or other tissues became silicified. Silicified wood may preserve even the microscopic structure of the original material.

Hence we can arrive at the concept of a fossil as any remains of a plant or animal, or the record of its presence in the rocks of the earth, preserved from the geologic past. It is common to consider a preservation as a fossil if it is 25,000 years old or more.

Fossil organisms are built on the same general plan as living ones, and the reconstruction of their appearance when living, like their identification and classification is a matter of comparison. The broader and deeper one's knowledge of living species, the nearer one's conclusions are apt to be.

For example, scars for the attachment of muscles and other depressions or cavities on the surfaces of bones and shells gives a great deal of information concerning the soft parts of animals. Teeth show the type of food eaten by an animal, and from this knowledge it is safe to infer a great deal as to the nature and size of the digestive organs. A strongly developed keel on the breast bone of a bird indicates large muscles to drive the wings and consequently great powers of flight. A backward

and downward extension of the hip-bone of a dinosaur proves that the animal could rear itself on its hind legs by using the extension of the hip-bone as a lever. Massive, heavy bones indicate slow, sluggish creatures, while slender, thin bones generally indicate fleet and active ones. Paddle-like limbs obviously indicate a life in water, with corresponding adaptation in other parts of the body.

Fossils, besides recording changes in plants and animals themselves also tell us of changes in the then climate, of their migration and serve as indices for certain periods through the ages that are but a fleeting glance in the realm of time. Magnificent in themselves, and yet simple, they have intrigued millions of minds and exhausted others in their explanation.

The longevity of the sequoia, the majesty of the palm tree, the beauty of the orchid, the immenseness of the elephant, the domesticity of the dog, or the adaptability of man are the qualities which we recognize, appreciate and accept as an integral part of the world in which we live. When we realize that the plants and animals of today are but a long line of dissimilar forms which flourished in by-gone ages, their existence becomes more significant, it stimulates a new interest in our thoughts and widens our scope of life and tends to abstract from the turmoils of the modern devastating world that is leaving no record, but a shameless path in which its shattered remains shall prove blotches in the pages of history.

# An Incident

RALPH BUSHELL

*This is only a short tale distilled of one man's fancy; that is all—except that the deeper essence of God's Divine Providence gives a body which is strong and nourishing to the mind.*

Sable night on gossamer wings was rising silently from the valley. Away up on the tip of the peak, day was kissing the earth goodnight. The animals dozed both in field and in stable. The feathered folk tucked their tufted heads beneath their wings. Before a little cottage, snuggling at the base of the mountain, a golden head nodded and rolled on weary shoulders.

"And then the prince went through the door . . . Sure and the little tyke has dropped off to sleep on me. Ah well, perhaps I was getting a little wearisome for the lad. Oh Katy!" he softly called.

"Yes, Father?" a clear young voice sounded from within. "What is it you're a wantin'?" A young woman had come to the door.

"Shh, Katy. The little wan has gone to sleep on me."

"Ah, the little dear," she softly murmured as she took him up in her arms. "He's had a busy day of it. Sure and he was pretending he could watch the cows. As if big Tim here couldn't do it alone."

Hearing his name spoken, the great dog sat up with a start, ready for whatever might come; mouth wide, tongue lolling, and his heavy tail thumping the hard ground.

"Katy, did ye let the lad go to the field alone?"

"Now, Father, there was no harm in it. Besides, he had Tim with him. Danny," she called softly, "Wake up, dear. You must go to bed now."

Two sleepy little eyes flashed open, revealing deep blue windows.

"Hurry, now. And as soon as you are undressed I'll come and help you with your prayers."

The little lad trotted obediently into the cottage. The big dog, seeing his master going inside, prepared to follow the boy.

"Come here, Tim!"

Guiltily Tim wheeled and returned to his pallet, lying down again with a heavy sigh as if to say, "What a woman."

"Katy, what will ye do now that Michael's gone off to the war? I don't see why he had to enlist anyway," he added petulantly.

"Sure, Father, and wouldn't ye be doing the same thing if ye were only younger? Besides, Michael knows where his duty lies even though he does have to fight for England."





"You're right, Katy. But it makes my heart sore to see ye doing all the work now. Of course your brother, Tom, does all of the field work, but you must do all of the rest. Ah, I wish I could help ye."

"Ah, Father, and you do help me just by watching after little Danny. But we must go in now. I hear Danny calling me."

The two moved into the cottage. Outside, it was growing dusk. The top of the mountain had turned to a deep purple. Before long it would be completely dark. A great quiet had settled over the valley. All was still except the insects and the frogs down around the big pond. Tonight they had formed a choir and were singing away for dear life; the bass frogs were booming away while the lyric-tenor tree toads were executing fanciful arias.

By the light of the big hearth Katy was folding her napkins while her father sat reading aloud from a large Bible, "I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains, from whence help shall come to me. My help is from the Lord who made heaven and earth.—Kate, what was that?" A faint cry had come to his ears.

"I don't rightly know." Katy hurried to the door. "It must be someone over on the road. I'll take Tim and go see. Come, Tim!" Tim led the way down the path to the road. In the gathering gloom not much could be discerned. Suddenly Tim stopped and barked.

"Help, over here!"

The voice had come from near the hedge. Kate hurried over, and peered through dusk.

The man was sitting, his back braced against a tree. "Helloo there. Aye and I thought I was lost for sure. Hoot lassie and it's right bonny to be setting my eyes on ye. I thought sure no one lived in this region. I've sprained my foot and cannot go further."

"Oh you poor fellow. Here, let me help you up to my cottage. I can fix you up proper there."

"Aye, and I'll be thankin' ye, ma'am, if ye will do so."

Soon the stranger was safely deposited in a big chair near the hearth.

"Ah, my friends, it was good of ye to take me in. Ouch! Lady, I'll be thankin' ye again if you don't pull that bandage quite so tight."

"Sure and a little thing like that isn't much to bear, and besides it will be best if it is tight."

"Ah, I see I am in your power, very well. But as I was saying. I was on my way down from the mountain top and fell. I didn't see your light or I would have crawled in this direction."

"But where are ye from? I don't recall seeing you around here before. And ye sound Scotch to boot."

"Right ye are, Mon! I am a Scot. I arrived in the village yesterday and



today climbed the little hill in your backyard. I have no steady business. I'm what you might call a free-lancer. Working when and where I may be able to get work. I work for the love of working since I have my own resources to live on. All I ask is food and lodging. Mayhap you know of someone in the neighborhood who may need some extra help for a time?"

The old man was about to speak up when Kate unexpectedly spoke: "Well, now, if it's work you're wanting perhaps we can find some for you right here. My husband has gone off to war and I am here alone to do the chores and other work. But we'll speak more of it in the morning. You should be getting a good rest. You can sleep in the extra room tonight and tomorrow we'll see what can be done."

Later, when Kate and her father were alone, they discussed what had taken place. "Ah, Kate. The good Lord is watching out for us. Why it's happened just like I was reading out of the Bible: 'I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains from whence help shall come to me'."

Outside, the last faint tinge of pink disappeared in the western sky. In their settings of jet velvet, the stars scintillated with a cold fire. Wisps of mist danced in the low-lands. The Jack-o-Lanterns played tag on the heathery mountain side. Night reigned supreme.

## DISCIPLINE . . . .

Our warring young men in the armed forces are learning the meaning and value of discipline. The whole world needs that lesson. The fundamental reasons are obvious, but perhaps we have forgotten them.

In the first place, the man without discipline, not realizing the good force of obedience, cannot know what and how much he is to demand of those he commands and leads later in life.

In the second place, men without discipline deteriorate generation by generation because each group acquires less of that ability to perform that unpleasant task of making others toe the mark.

But discipline is not an end in itself, and so the lessons of war are useless unless they are inspired by the motives born of Faith and Religion. It is good to obey only when God is the Supreme Commander.

P. F. S.

# Music by Kern

JOHN GOETZ

*You may know "Show Boat," you may have listened to "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," you may glow with the recollection of "Music in the Air," but you must still read this.*

Usually theatrical or musical critics are amazed at nothing. They sit in perfect complacency all through some new production, and the next morning the persons responsible for it feel the lash of their sarcasm, or receive their reluctant praise. Upon one of the few occasions when they have been amazed, a singular artist came into his own, under rather queer circumstances.

It happened in London during the year 1903. Two years after the great queen's death, the English speaking world was still victorian in habits, dress, deportment. In Covent Garden, the center of the city's musical life, a comic opera or operetta was in progress. Despite the fact that it was opening night, the seats were partially deserted. After all, the first act wasn't half finished yet, and it was so very fashionable to be late. Realizing this, the composers of the time took little pains with their first acts, allowing them to become more or less warming-up periods for singers and musicians alike. Often as was the case that night, the composer gave some lesser light the outline of Act One, and let this unknown work it out as a problem in mathematics is worked, while he concentrated his energies upon the succeeding scenes, which were to make him or break him in the eyes of the patrons, who by that time would have arrived.

Up in the mezzanine sat that little group of hardened theater goers, the critics and reviewers. They had come prepared to spend a period of anticipation for the really enjoyable portion of the production; but as scene followed scene, their surprise became wonderment. This *was* good! They must find who wrote that first act. Upon inquiry, they discovered a young man who had been employed for quite some time in composing the first few scenes of operettas, many of them highly successful. Assured of the critics' support, and gaining confidence in his latent ability, he began to compose the scores of his own successful musical comedies, and has continued to do so ever since. We have all heard his music—sparkling music; sentimental, yet modern music—Jerome Kern music.

Shortly after his resurrection from the shroud of a ghost writer, Kern began producing light, flimsy works in the style of the times. Tuneful

though they were, they contained not enough of his own personal touch to be outstanding. Had he continued running these off the press, characteristic of his imagination, there is little doubt that his inspiration would soon have withered and run dry, as has happened to so many others. Seemingly, though, as his style has developed and become more mature, he has curtailed the flow of notes which he produces, until for the last two decades, he has seldom completed more than one of his works a year. Often they have been referred to as Kern's annual contributions.

In "Sunny," Kern came very close to writing a real operetta, but did not quite succeed. He did, however, progress immeasurably from the weakness of his earlier scores, and for the first time his own unmistakable style was clearly defined. It has been said that from then on, he became the logical successor of the great Victor Herbert. Unlike his predecessor, whose splendid music is the ideal at the end of the rainbow, to which all strive who have followed him, Jerome Kern, none the less an artist, seems to reach for his art, touch it, but not quite grasp it firmly. His scores, taken as a whole, have never reached the spontaneous, through-and-through beauty of Herbert's without verging on the over-sentimental.

"Show Boat" is without a doubt Kern's masterpiece, for the reason that it is the most real of any of his works. Its music seems to come not from the composer, but from the persons who make it and from the ageless river which carries it along. Kern wrote to Edna Ferber, the novelist: "I could not finish your book. With every page the surging river brought a new theme to mind, which cried out to be written." Write them he did, and in doing so left songs which are a part of America, a part of the broad Mississippi. We may easily compare "Old Man River" to the works of Stephen Foster, the poet laureate of the South and of the river country. No other contemporary work in its field can approach "Show Boat" for pure and spontaneous melody.

Following close upon "Show Boat" came "The Cat and the Fiddle" and "Music in the Air" at yearly intervals, to complete the trio of his three greatest successes. They restored life and freshness to the musical comedy stage with their human and lifelike plots, their ear-catching tunes, and their high spots—great songs with Kern's name and style standing out all through them. The composer has never in his career written one of his better-known songs apart from a musical comedy. They are each a part of the whole, which may be removed without affecting its meaning in the least.

Kern's music is written to be sung, not danced. In it he sacrifices the strict rhythm of the dance tune for the preservation of the flowing melodic line. No undue dissonance is found in it; only that which is necessary to some degree in present-day music to bring out definite ideas. He has not yet reverted to modern swing or out-dated jazz in his writing; every note of it, good or otherwise, is Jerome Kern music, which

has still to be successfully imitated. His ballads are in parts over-sentimental, but their melodies can hardly be criticized. In most cases it is the lyrics which convey the feeling of sentimentality.

"Music in the Air," Jerome Kern's last really notable work, seems to characterize the composer. Its Viennese setting, its sparkling waltz tempos, and its fresh and different treatment of the waltz form, have been called by critics meltingly beautiful. Although there are not so many songs in this production, the lengthy musical background is especially fine. In writing this operetta, Kern set his Viennese background to music which is more similar to Victor Herbert than anything else he has ever produced.

Not since "Music in the Air" has he approached the heights to which he rose in writing it. A retrogression has appeared in each succeeding work of his which has appeared. He seems still to be brimming with melodies, but is seeking the right idea around which to spin one of his musical webs. Each annual production, of course, has one or two Kern songs—songs to remember; but between these songs a superficial note has crept in which cannot be denied. Last year, he even tried his hand at swing, and he did not produce good swing, because swing is not for Kern. It is neither real nor human enough to set off the spark which will rise up from print and hit him between the eyes; which will release his rich imaginative powers as did "Show Boat." Then he will be able to shake off the decadence which has been gripping him and take his rightful place as the successor to Victor Herbert which he held a decade ago. No matter what he writes in the ensuing years, it will have that distinctive something which marks Jerome Kern.



# Only a Boy

HARRY ROEHRIG

*A person may test the quality of true silver by a flick and tap of the finger. Whatever the criterion that may be used here, one true report will be ringing that is true.*

The boy got off the bus at the busiest intersection of the town's business district. It was a Saturday afternoon, the time reserved in his weekly schedule for taking in the sights, doing a bit of window shopping, and perhaps seeing a gigantic double feature at one of the movie palaces. This was his day when, school books put aside and all cares that go with them abandoned, he did just what he pleased and spent a day of happy, carefree loafing.

Although only thirteen, the boy looked years older. It was his height that added these years to his appearance, for he was at least six inches taller than the average boy his age. This fact always secretly thrilled him, for people often mistook him for a high school student. As often as possible he dressed in the manner that to him suggested maturity. At this moment his gangling legs were covered by flashy tweed trousers which clashed with the jacket he wore across his broad shoulders.

After assuming what he thought was an air of importance, the boy strode down the thickly peopled street, hoping that he looked as though he were headed for an important business appointment. Finally his glance was attracted by a display of candies and sugar coated cakes in the window of a confectionery. He stared covetously for a long minute and then he remembered. What was he doing standing there, anyway? Here he was acting like an infant. Why, he was a young man—not a kid. So, with his mind resolved, he turned and continued on his way.

As he strolled along, he observed an extremely well-dressed woman directly in front of him. Expensive silver fox furs worn on a manish tailored suit gave her a look of ultra-fashionableness. Gazing at this apparent wealth, the boy was astounded to notice that the heels of her stylish shoes were very worn. It was a defect to an otherwise faultless appearance. A few seconds later, he saw that the clasp of the overly large purse which dangled from her well-groomed arm was open, a fact which put the bag's contents in danger of spilling onto the sidewalk. The boy rushed forward to warn her. As he approached, he shouted, without pausing to think, "I beg your pardon, lady, but do you know that your heels are awfully run over?"

The minute the words gushed from his mouth, the realization of



what he had said swept over him. His face, not satisfied to become scarlet, was soon flooded with color—a deep maroon in hue. The only thought in his mind was to rush from the spot; so whisssst—he turned around and swiftly ran back up the street in the direction from which he had come. My goodness, suppose he had made a mistake. What of it? People shouldn't expect him to be perfect. After all, he was only a boy in graded school. He was bound to make some boners some time.

Out of the corner of his eye, the boy saw the candy store. In three short minutes his embarrassment was dying a slow death in the mushy, cream center of a chocolate bar.

# Lincoln Begins to be Lincoln

RALPH PARKER

*It is the inner man who counts and the story here of the development of the real Lincoln is an account of the growth of the inner man. You will find nothing of the rail-splitting or wrestling, but something of the spirit of a great man.*

It is a satisfying thought to dwell upon the exploits, victories, and finesse of a national idol or a famous hero; and yet, how queer it is that amid all the lauding and acclaiming of the accomplishments of a great individual, little thought is given to his background, his environment, or his firm determination to improve himself.

Turning back through the pages of time we catch sight of a tall, gaunt, awkward looking individual who possessed the name of Abraham, better known, however, to the New Salem inhabitants as "Abe"—Abe Lincoln. You all remember well the incidents dealing with his first glimpse of New Salem from a flatboat, his wrestling match with Jack Robinson, his volunteering for the Black Hawk war, and divers other physical activities; but, do you recall so readily those episodes that deal with his mental and speaking development? Do you recall the whetting of his wit and humor? Do you recall the polishing of the uncut diamond at New Salem?

Lincoln's first conscientious effort to become a fluent speaker was displayed in his joining the New Salem Debating Society. His participation in several formal debates and the realization of his deficiency in English gave impetus to his desire to improve his education. Having had less than one year of schooling, Lincoln wished to fill the cavity principally with grammar and mathematics.

He walked several miles to borrow a copy of *Kirkham's Grammar*, and with the instruction and encouragement of Mentor Graham, who probably did more than any other person to educate Lincoln, together with Abe's own thoroughness, *Kirkham's* was mastered in six weeks. As a result, it has often been said that Lincoln never made an error in grammar except once, and that was in a copy of his first inaugural address which was submitted to Newton Bateman, a great state superintendent. This error consisted merely of a split infinitive!

Mathematics, history, and literature supplemented his study of grammar. Several times he borrowed a copy of Shakespeare, a volume of Burns, or one of the books of Euclid. The latter aided him immensely in the capacity of surveyor several years later.

A vast store of practical knowledge was gained by service in the Black Hawk war. Besides furnishing him with sundry anecdotes to be used throughout his entire life, it also taught him discipline, enabled him to understand the hardships of a soldier's life, and presented the difficulties of leadership. The latter was most aptly illustrated in the fairly recent motion picture, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, in which Lincoln as captain was leading his men toward a fence with a narrow gate, but having them twenty abreast and forgetting the correct command to proceed in single file, he issued the following order: "Halt! This company will break ranks for two minutes and form again on the other side of the gate."

During his term as postmaster of New Salem, Abe read practically all the newspapers that entered the village. This habit increased his storage of facts and enabled him to expound public opinion.

In politics Lincoln was making great strides by means of his geniality and through his pithy, succinct speeches. His first political speech, delivered to the citizens of Pappsville was as follows: "I have been solicited by my friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected I shall be thankful, if not, it will be all the same."

After being elected to the legislature in 1834, Lincoln then decided, with the encouragement of John Stuart, to study law. He borrowed several law books in addition to procuring a copy of *Blackstone's Commentaries* and began some intensive studying. At night, by the light of a fire, and during the day while walking down the street, an open book could be found in his hands and his eyes were glued to the pages. It has often been said that he would study while lying on his back under the shade of a tree with his bare feet propped against the trunk. Some of his friends feared he was injuring his health by this incessant studying and reading, but, nevertheless, the latent powers of this immortal personality were being rapidly developed.

During his six-year stay at New Salem, the greatest single influence upon Lincoln's mind was the death of his beloved Ann Rutledge. Throughout his entire life certain actions could be directly traced to this heart-breaking incident. Deep in melancholy, he sometimes seemed to grope about in the dark. His feeling of everlasting sorrow is aptly shown by his own confession: "Ann reminded me of my mother. I can never become reconciled, with the unbearable thought of snow and rain falling on her grave. My heart is buried there."

Elected again to the legislature in 1836, Lincoln began to give freely his own views concerning the important national questions of the day, such as slavery, internal improvements, and popular sovereignty. One

year later the profound knowledge gained in the years spent at New Salem enabled him to be admitted to the bar. Then, seeing the slight chance of improving his legal and political position in New Salem, Lincoln moved to Springfield where opportunities were more plentiful.

To New Salem, however, goes the credit for the subsequent famous Lincoln speeches, the homely wit, and the ability to understand the common people. Abraham Lincoln came to New Salem as an awkward individual in both speech and person, with merely potentialities, but he left with a "marvelous power of lucid statement, a plain sincerity of purpose, and an amazing abundance of wit." He had truly found himself and had blossomed out. The person that emerged from New Salem was a cut and polished diamond that will shine and sparkle forever!

#### IF THEY CAN, SO CAN W--

Irvin S. Cobb once wrote 130,000 words in sixty-five days, and yet of himself he says: "I didn't have one-tenth the talent or ability that some of the other men then writing had."

John Dos Passos usually writes five or six hours a day at one sitting.

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings says that "writing is agony!" She works eight hours every day and aims to do six pages each day. Sometimes she has only a few lines to show. Of her method she says: "every thought, every description, every bit of dialogue, is as compressed, as tight, as I can fashion it."



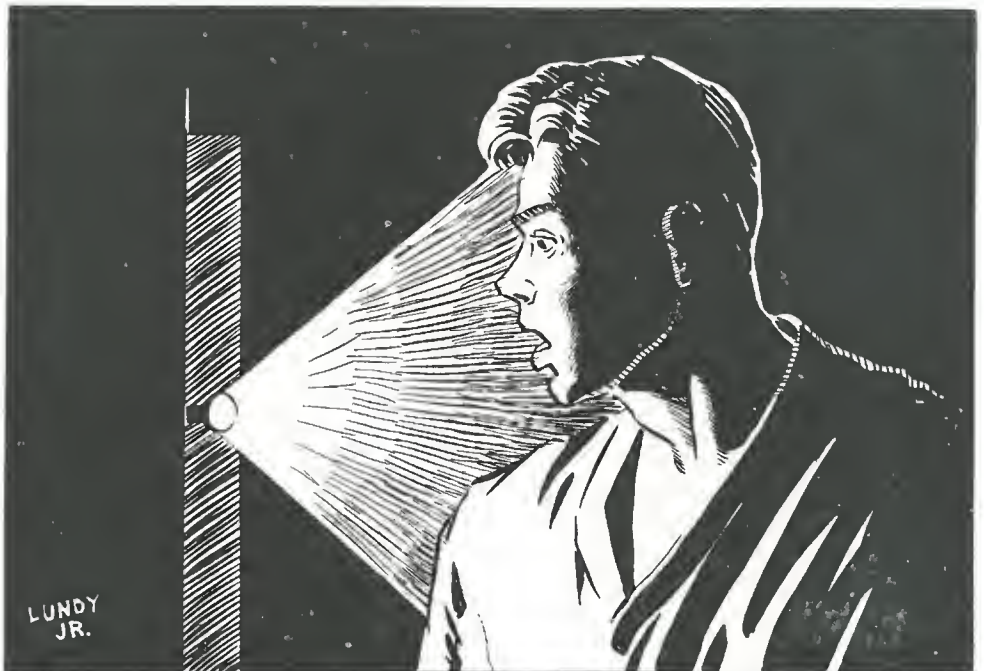
# Victim of Circumstance

GEORGE MCGUAN

*You may be called to be one of the jurymen of this case. Here is the evidence for you to judge and weigh. What is your decision?*

If you should happen to notice within the next three weeks that I am an involuntary member of that select group which prefers the quiet and solitude of the study hall to the hustle and bustle of the local theater on Sunday, do not be over zealous in your condemnation of my conduct. Don't give me one of those, "I told you so," looks as you pass. Don't shrug your shoulders at my unhappy plight and mumble something about the triumph of justice over the forces of evil; but stay and listen to my sad tale, and then you too will agree that I am just a victim of circumstances.

On the eventful evening of January 7th, I was rudely awakened from the depths of my slumbers by a loud crash. It seems that a sudden gust of wind (whose name I will not mention here) had playfully overturned the bed next to mine. Having been deeply engrossed in one of those



interesting fantasies which sometimes ensue while one is securely enrapt in the arms of Morpheus, the occupant of the aforementioned bed was thoroughly provoked. Moreover, upon seeing that I was sitting upright in my bed, he naturally concluded that here was his antagonist, and proceeded to settle his score in no uncertain manner.

The moonlight streaming through the window outlined his huge frame as he picked the mattress up in one massive hand and began to stroll irately in my direction. I wondered what he could possibly want at this ungodly hour and was about to ask him, but the next thing I knew I was writhing in agony on the cold tile floor, and Mr. H. was climbing back into bed, his face beaming with self-satisfaction.

Suddenly, as I lay in this dazed, semi-conscious state, the thought of this unwarranted aggression so enraged me that revenge overruled my better judgment, and I became obsessed with a desire for retaliation. I leaped up from my prone position, and in much less time than it takes to tell, I had seized the side of his bed in both hands. However, just at this point, he sat up and with one long spine-chilling glance sent the thought of self-preservation rushing to my head. So with a meek, "Wake me up for breakfast, will you?" I slunk back to bed.

However, try as I might, I could not get back to sleep, for the thought that I had backed down when my honor was at stake weighed heavily upon my conscience. So, I spent about ten minutes convincing myself of the righteousness of my case, and then slid from between the sheets to begin my quest for vengeance.

This time Mr. H. was fast asleep and I thought the task would be simple. But as I lifted the side of his bed I began to notice the mammoth two hundred pound framework, and I wondered if perhaps I had not acted rather hastily. I asked myself, "Would it not suffice just to tear the covers off his bed?"

At precisely this moment of indecision a bright glow near the door attracted my attention. Upon closer inspection this turned out to be the prefect's flashlight, which fact so startled me that the bed together with the unfortunate Mr. H. slipped from my grasp.

To the startled prefect and also the Dean of Students, to whom I later had recourse, it was a plain case of vandalism, but one look at Mr. H. should prove that my plea of temporary insanity was undeniably true.

# How Ned Met Mrs. Jenkins

JOHN FORD

*Ned is one of all the small boys who win the hearts of every one. Mrs. Jenkins is a type who appears often in the pages of writers. The compounding of these two is something not to be measured by formula or by any kind of cold calculation — this is a matter of the heart.*

A hazy blanket of faint mist was suspended precariously over the calm sea of downy blue grass as the sky dispensed with her mourning dress and wore but for a moment a sad gray garment before flaunting gayly a bold crimson robe. The august and ghostlike moon seemed to sigh as he became humble, aware of his servitude and approaching master, and the timid stars, always so blithe, slowly tiptoed beyond the horizon.



In the distance a train moaned; a blue jay screamed; a breeze stirred. Now the sky was a shameless blue. It was morning.

Doctor Roger Franklin turned from the long window and the scene of one of the most remarkable of births and rubbed a wrinkled hand over his tired eyes. Slowly he walked back over to an antique table that stood in the center of the large old-fashioned room and closed a well-worn album that laid on the brocaded cover. He fingered carelessly some legal papers that were scattered about only to gather them up and lock them in a small green box. Then, he sank heavily into an out-of-date rocker next to the table and sighed deeply as he rested his hoary head upon the crocheted piece fastened to the back of the chair. His jaws were pressed tightly together but slowly a stingy smile crept over his face. "It's strange," he mumbled, "this nature of us humans." He closed his eyes and chuckled imperceptibly.

Upstairs an aged woman was fighting a battle that all mortals must fight alone. Death had challenged. Close in nearby Portville an anxious and hopeful group of people awaited news of the battle the once hated Sara Jenkins was fighting. Here in this room Franklin had just discovered why this woman herself had been so bitter toward her fellow man. Everyone knew of the change and believed that Ned had taught her to love. It was Roger Franklin who now knew he had taught her to love again. You see, it was about three years ago, I believe, when the change began to take place. As the story goes . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

The news of Whitie Moore's illness, which amounted to nothing more than the "German" measles, had spread through the small town of Portville so quickly and thoroughly that by the time it was announced in the weekly edition of the Gazette it was definitely not news. The only novel thing about it was the fact that editor Mat Johnson had placed the announcement, four lines long, right before several short social announcements but ironically enough right after the obituary notices. Of course, Mrs. T. H. Moore was impressed with the announcement and quite naturally associated it with being in the society column. But the patient himself was inclined to associate it with the latter. His mental and physical condition indeed induced him to complain that Mat was trying to get a scoop.

However, to Ned Doyle the news was as welcome as an opportunity. Not that Ned wanted his companion to suffer the ignominy of the "German" measles but because in reality it was an opportunity. For Whitie happened to be the capable right fielder of the "Rockets" and now Ned felt that it would be possible to take the veteran's place. Maybe they would even overlook "it" this time.

Ned's elfish eyes reflected the color and brightness of the spring sky overhead and the warmth of the sun that filtered through the nearly



naked trees, as he hobbled along the dusty road that ran past Haley's lot. Ned was barely past eleven. He was short for his age. Unkempt black hair only helped to emphasize his peaked features which wore the scars of pain. He wore a blue cotton shirt and brown knickers that were supplemented by long gray stockings. On his right leg was a black steel brace.

Now Ned Doyle was an exceptional boy in many ways. He received better grades than any one else in his class; he won all the contests sponsored by the school board for English essays; he was liked by all his young classmates. Yet Ned Doyle was not an exceptional boy in that he loved to play baseball. To him, all his other accomplishments seemed dwarfed beside the fact that he couldn't fight for a place on the "Rockets" just like an "ordinary kid." And the pain that he had known physically seemed slight when compared with the intolerable ache that afflicted his youthful heart. Crippled boys have to smile so much. Smile when they feel like smiling . . . and when they feel like crying. Because you see people accuse those who cannot bear their misfortunes. They find it difficult to understand why they cannot carry their cross just because fate has hampered the infallible work of nature. So a glorious hope burned in the bosom of Ned Doyle that spring day. It was the kind of hope that enables man to have courage in any adversity. Certainly, he felt, today they would let him play. There would be no one else. If they only would! Even, even a crippled boy would be better than nothing. Now perhaps you might find it difficult to appreciate the profound feelings and emotions that this boy experienced simply over a game of baseball. But you would readily appreciate these if you happened to know Ned Doyle — or any crippled boy.

The field was just ahead now. A distorted and confused scene laid before the confused boy with the distorted body. All makes and colors of bicycles were scattered about the edge of the crude diamond and the crack of the single bat was lost under the cries that begged for a "fly." Ned saw that all of the team members hadn't arrived yet but Tom Blake, the "Rockets" self-appointed captain, who was also manager, coach, and star pitcher, was there and as far as Ned was concerned he was the judge and the jury in the case that he was about to present.

"Tom!" called the hopeful lad. "Will you come here a minute, please?"

"Whatcha want?" asked the older boy, who placed the bat on his shoulder as he turned toward the edge of the field.

"I'd like to ask you something."

All the turmoil had suddenly ceased as the lanky stripling walked to the edge of the field and stood before the youth who made a wry face as he approached. However, a quick look from Tom sent everyone back into action.

"What's on your mind, Ned?"

"Tom, well, well I heard that Whitie was sick and I thought, well, I thought maybe you would let me play in his place."

Before the taller boy had a chance to answer, the speaker spoke faster and in an imploring voice: "I could play right field, Tom. Not many balls come out there. I could hit the ball hard enough to make first easy. I can run faster than you think with my bum leg. Please, Tom!" The speaker stood there as any person awaiting a verdict must stand — helpless, fearful, hopeful.

Tom Blake, the manager, lowered his brown eyes as he kicked a clump of clay with his home made baseball shoes and watched the cloud of dust settle. He looked at Ned, then, turned to the diamond before lowering his eyes to the comforting ground again.

"Look Ned," he began, "you're a good kid and all the gang likes you but you just ain't goin' to be able to play ball with us. Crippled kids just ain't supposed to play; that's all. Anyhow, we are just goin' to have battin' practice till Whitie is able to play in a couple of days. I'm sorry, Ned, but you might get hurt worse."

There wasn't much to be said. There never is when you have been refused something. Ned said all that he could say: "O. K. Tom." Then he smiled. It was hard to do, but he smiled. Then he turned his back on the scene and walked away.

By the time Ned got to the road he was biting his lip and the trees were all blurred until he winked his tear-filled eyes. Going back to town was out of the question. So he turned away and slowly hobbled out the road towards the Jenkins place. The spring sun warmed his wet cheeks while deep sobs began to shake his delicate frame.

Up ahead was the Jenkins farm and on the very edge of the place there was an orchard. It was there that the disappointed cripple sought refuge when he threw himself on the ground and cried convulsively. For there is comfort in tears. And, needless to say, it was comfort that Ned Doyle craved.

The pitiful *refugee* was startled back into the cruelty of reality by the sudden sound of approaching footsteps. He sat in an upright position and his pressing tragedy was erased from his attention as he became aware that it was "old lady Jenkins" who was rushing toward him. For a moment he became transfixed but with some difficulty he managed to scramble to his feet and had taken but a few steps when a hand clasped the back of his collar and a high throaty voice screamed: "Stop you little thief. I'll teach you to steal from me."

All forward movement had ceased by this time and Ned was being shaken furiously while at the same time his ears were lashed with horrible threats. "Steal my fruit will you. There is a place for little imps like you."

Ned knew there could be no mistake — this was Mrs. Jenkins. He

had heard much about his captor but he did not believe he would ever experience her awful wrath. At least he had hoped not. Often the townspeople had circulated tales about her that painted her as anything but a "nice old lady."

Mrs. Jenkins had moved to Portsville about four years ago. As legend had it, she repulsed all attempts of her neighbors to become friendly; she demanded that an old couple, who had lived on her farm for many years before she had bought it, move; on various occasions demands had been made on her part to arrest some of the community's younger members for trespassing; her many complaints in the township itself for, as she put it, "stupid actions," which amounted to erecting playgrounds, improving landmarks, and the like — all these things brought a reward that certainly was not Christian but was on the other hand definitely human: hatred.

So Ned Doyle fancied that he would spend the rest of his days in prison as he stood before the old woman. He did gain enough courage to say: "I wasn't stealing anything, Mrs. Jenkins. Honest I wasn't."

"Then what were you doing on my property? You haven't got any business here."

"I know, mam, but you see . . ." For some reason, perhaps one that even he didn't know, perhaps because her eyes didn't look really mean, Ned told the woman how he happened to arrive there. He told her in detail something he would have told no one else — how it really did hurt deep inside when they wouldn't let him play. Perhaps he did it because he was afraid. Perhaps —

When he had finished relating to Mrs. Jenkins how it was more fate than it was his own free will that sent him here, Ned looked into the face of the woman to find it still hard, still expressionless.

"What's wrong with your leg?" she asked after simply giving it a glance.

"It's been that way ever since I was sick that time."

"Humph."

"Of course, when my daddy saves enough money he is going to send me away to get an operation that might cure me. My daddy worries a lot about it and sometimes I guess it hurts him and mom just as much as it does me. 'Cause things like this hurt inside more than they do themselves."

"Oh, so you're poor?" snapped the woman sarcastically.

Ned was silent for a moment. He sniffled as a half smile appeared on his face. "I wouldn't exactly say that," he protested. "I guess our family is like a little girl's I read about. We're not poor. We just haven't got any money."

"Seems like even you would know that money is a person's best friend.

It could do more for your leg than any of the well-wishes and sympathy that you are getting."

"Yes, I know that money might help me fix my leg but what am I going to do with two good legs if none of the fellows will play ball with me. If you won't get mad at my saying so, Mrs. Jenkins, it's like you with your money. You have what you think is important but in reality your money will never buy what I have now, even with my crippled leg."

Mrs. Jenkins fixed her eyes on Ned but somehow she did not see him since she was looking beyond him. Now her expression changed and she wore a sad look. To Ned it seemed that she had remembered something that she had almost forgotten.

"You had better come up to the house and wash the dirt off your face," she said. "Not that I should be granting you favors. Certainly I don't want to encourage you ragamuffins coming around here . . . Well? . . . Come on! Don't stand there grinning like a cat. Come on."

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, that is how Ned met Mrs. Jenkins. What went on when they arrived at the house might be best deducted from the fact that the next day and the day after that Ned Doyle was seen going out the dirt road to the Jenkins place. Needless to say, the town population was astounded when the old lady arrived at a play the local high school was presenting. After it was over Ned introduced her to his mother and father. And it took but few of the many social functions that Portville offered to convince people that Mrs. Jenkins had changed.

The old couple moved back on the farm and those acres seemed to gain new life. Parties were given there for school children; it was a regular meeting place for the ladies' sewing circle; many needy families benefited from money that wasn't doing a certain individual any good. Still, a few times a week, a lone figure could be seen hobbling out towards the old-fashioned house. And it was Ned, therefore, who was praised for making the woman human.

It was Roger Franklin who knew that Sara Jenkins had at one time become tired of loving, because it brought no return. It was Roger Franklin who had discovered the secret that she had guarded. Everyone thought that the woman was a widow but her husband was very much alive and so was a son that no one in those parts had ever known of.

This woman had married a selfish, ungrateful man who deserted her before his child was born. The woman built her life around this boy. She gave him everything he wanted, sent him to the best schools. She loved him with a love that was beyond all emotion. But he not only repulsed her love but brought shame and disgrace upon her. It was then that Sara Jenkins became bitter. It was then that she shut the world



from her heart. She only opened it again when she found someone to love her.

Doctor Franklin was pondering over his discovery when a corpulent woman rushed into the room, her usually red face pale. "Doctor! Come quick!"

He was on his feet instantly and his lanky frame moved swiftly across the room and up the stairs. When he reached the patient's room he suddenly stopped and gazed. Then he broke the silence. "Ned! What are you doing here?"

"Today was the first day that I have walked with my fixed leg and I wanted to show Mrs. Jenkins. Please don't be mad, Dr. Franklin."

"Mrs. Jenkins is too sick for you to be exciting her. Now come on out of there."

The puzzled youth moved past the doctor quickly as the elder man rushed to the side of the old woman. He examined her carefully, then straightened and smiled down at her. Your crisis has passed. You've won."

Sara Jenkins tried to smile as she said weakly, "Doctor. I just couldn't die now. Now when I have found what I have been seeking so long. Then too, there is going to be a ball game at the new park Sunday and a rather good friend of mine is going to play shortstop."

#### JUST A FEW FACTS . . . .

John Farrow, George Kelly, and Paul Vincent Carroll never went to college.

Philip Barry is out of Yale and Harvard; William Thomas Walsh comes from Yale, likewise; Daniel Sargent is a graduate of Groton and Harvard; Frederick V. Murphy is a product of George Washington University; Dr. Hugh S. Taylor claims the University of Liverpool; Dr. Roy Deferrari is from Dartmouth and Princeton.

If these men came to their places in the world without the benefit of a Catholic education, what about you?

P. F. S.

## EDITORIAL

# Employing Invalid Argument

STEVEN D. THEODOSIS

Argument too often lends itself to the means of persuasion that appeals to the credulous mind, to prejudice, and to the emotions and passions of humanity. In our every day contacts with newspapers, commentators, and arm chair critics we are only too often confronted with, and are personally guilty of, substituting irrational evidence for truth, for logical propositions. Too often what seems to be the conformity of mind and being is really the opposite of the appeal to reason, an enumeration of irrational statements.

It is an every day occurrence to hear the principle of a moral and social reformer denounced by the objection, "You are doing it yourself!" "Your actions belie your words!" Is it not illogical to deny the arguments for or against some line of human conduct on the grounds of inconsistency that exists between the words and the conduct of their proponent?

Though this objection is weak in itself it is often justified when in our reasoned estimation the arguments in favor of some reform are nil, or shallow and inconclusive.

In courts, in domestic quarrels that interrupt the felicity of a home, and in friendly arguments, the emotions have a tendency to propel ones words abusively at another's person rather than by refutation of argument by logic. In fairness, such personal abuse is irrational and should not be employed. However, legitimate exposure must be carefully distinguished from personal abuse. Legitimate exposure may be justly employed against disreputable persons and against witnesses in courts whose unsavory career must shake confidence in their veracity.

Edison is known as a great inventor, one of the greatest of all times. However, Edison was guilty of assuming the role of a philosopher and theologian as many scientists of today are doing, Einstein for one. Too, many men have been guilty of the assumption that a master of one domain of research may speak with authority on questions that pertain to the other spheres of knowledge. Needless to say, it is seldom that undue reverence is shown for the statements of men reputed for knowledge. The pseudo-scientist's, together with the pseudo-theologian's opinion must be measured not so much by the fame and prominence of the man who sponsors the opinion, but by the proofs given to support his conclusions. A book need not be judged by the name of the author or his reputation, but by the merit of its contents.

The exploitation of the ignorant which consists in shallow and perhaps intentionally deceptive arguments that pass muster with children is today employed by the diabolic dictators of Europe to fanaticize nationalism to further their greedy ends.

Unjustified appeal to mercy, such as arousing the tender emotions is frequently used with success by lawyers defending women accused of crime. Intellectual reasoning often is unconvincing to sober judgment and the appeal to the sense of pity, though unwarranted, is a common everyday occurrence in our courts of justice.

Hitler, Mussolini, Hiro Hito, the Ku Kluxers, and the late Judge Rutherford have appealed to the pride, prejudices and passions of the masses. The whispering campaigns inaugurated against rivals in politics, the handbills circulated on the eve of an election, slogans and even epithets have been used and are being employed to spread religious and racial discrimination. Is it not evident in the propaganda which sends its stench from across the seas? Don't the papers howl with it? Isn't all racial discrimination such dastardly appeal?

Shallow arguments are powerful factors when they appeal to the interest of those to be convinced; when belief in the truth of the proposition placed before them holds out gain and advantage, and disbelief threatens hardship and loss.

When such arguments, such as have been presented, fail to achieve their purpose the use of physical violence and persecution is used for the purpose of changing views and beliefs. Often it is a vocal avalanche intended to frighten and overwhelm one's oponent in a dispute.

To err is human, but to be irrational because of dire wants is not. Such fraudulence is unwarranted. Its cure is education, its promulgation — ignorance. We cannot hope that each and every individual cope with the strict rules of logic. We do wish, however, that our leaders lend themselves to the manifestation of better thinking and more valid arguments.

## Book Reviews

*Poems*, by Roderick MacEachen; The Corcoran Press, Wheeling, West Virginia, 1941, 78 pp.

FRANCIS L. KINNEY

Though not as poetic as his fellow poet-cleric, Father Tabb, Roderick MacEachen writes poetry that is somewhat similar to that of the earlier man. There is no soaring into the ethereal heights but only an expression of heartfelt sentiment. It is the philosophy of one who has lived close to God and His creation, seeing the proclamation of His infinite majesty in each of the limited things He has given us.

In introductory verses we are told to explore these thoughts and find the true expression of the poet's soul and then—

"Thus may your spirit smile on me,  
As I on you . . .  
Just tots again  
With flattened noses gleefully,  
A-gazing through  
My window-pane."

Father MacEachen does not preach to us. His verses, chiefly all quatrains, have a quality of warmth and sympathy which calm us with their simplicity and directness. The latter is especially noticeable; that is, there are few instances where figures of speech are employed.

Reverence and complacency are the chief moods but humor and even satire have their places in this small quarto of poems. The eternal truths are mentioned and once more man must bow his head and say, "Mea culpa." Despite their poetic weaknesses, these poems are written in a free, unassuming style that permits us to read on and on with genuine interest. There is a message for all; as we read on, that same humility and simplicity with which Father MacEachen poured forth his soul has already pervaded ours.

*The Voyage*, by Charles Morgan. Macmillan, New York, 1941. 505 pp.

CHARLES SUDROVECH

Charles Morgan's novel, *The Voyage*, provides us with a story which centers in France in the 19th century. The tale is colorfully presented. It involves the strife between two personal philosophies which eventually merge — the voyage of life.

Aiding these two personalities in the development of the plot are innumerable characters. Charles Morgan, as it were, places us in the midst of these peoples. One laughs at the petty differences of Madame Vincent and Madam Hazard; one shares the sorrows of the two lovers, Barbet



and Therese; one feels at ease in the presence of Barbet; one doubts the sincerity of Courcelet; one goes along with Barbet and Therese on their voyage — their happy ending. In a few words, Morgan helps us live as a passive member of this fascinating community.

To leave the two outstanding characters without mention of their characteristics would be to lose the selling point of this book. On the one hand, we have Barbet Hazard, the grape-growing peasant and Warden, whose *essence* is that of one who lives by no rules and yet has order within him, the order not of submission to laws or conformity to the ideas of others but of his own sense of natural values. The complement, Therese Despreux, the accomplished actress and singer, whose *essence* is that of one who is by nature sanguine — her feelings are lively and even acute, but without consistency; her heart instinctively takes its tunes from her surroundings.

Charles Morgan's style is that of one who takes particular pains in being minutely correct in his descriptions — one can almost imagine seeing him search his memory for the exact phrasing. He is an artist of appropriateness.

The narrow-minded reader might condemn the liberality of speech which the author allows his characters. I think, however, that the author does not wish to use it as an attention-getter but merely as means by which he may correctly depict his characters.

As a recommendation, I would classify this novel as a unique work in the exposition of psychological experiences prevalent among people.

*Gall And Honey*, by Edward Doherty; Sheed and Ward, New York, 1941, 300 pp.

JOHN H. FORD

*Gall And Honey* is the story of a newspaperman, his life, his loves, his work. It is real! It is interesting! However, somehow it is unmoving.

Invariably authors endeavor to portray the journalistic profession either as one whose members are drunkards, indecent petty thieves, and informers; or as a profession filled with quick-thinking, amateur detectives whose lives are filled with all the sensationalism that is found on tabloid sheets. In this respect, Mr. Doherty has done himself proud. He has suggested to the reader that newspapermen are human beings—that and nothing more. Then too, another salient fact must be noted: *Liberty's* famous writer demonstrates that getting the story is not nearly so difficult as writing it so that it will be vivid. The narrow escapes of the reporter and his troubles are not narrated to be so important a job as is the task given to the rewrite man to make the paper's readers read *all* of the story.

Edward Doherty arrived at the top of the journalistic heap the hard

way. He sold papers, worked as a copy boy, suffered the trials of a cub reporter, knew the pressure of the rewrite desk, realized an ambition to be a feature man, felt the power of the press as an editor. He has drunk deeply of the wine of success. He has been hampered, only to go on, by the hazards of fate.

Over and above this, the book tells a story of a man's soul and its struggles. It relates a strange tale of a man whose emotions seemingly dominated his reason—yet we are not to judge. However, Ed Doherty does come back to the Church even after many years, even after many trails, even after many doubts.

All in all, *Gall And Honey* is the biography of a man who has realized victory in both the temporal and spiritual. His was a remarkable life. In more than one way *Gall And Honey* is a remarkable book.

*All The Day Long*, by Daniel Sargent; Longman's, Green and Co., New York, 1941, 256 pp.

DONALD CASEY

In the penetrating quality of a keen metaphysical observer, Daniel Sargent writes simply the relation between God, man, and the world in his biography of the late Bishop James Anthony Walsh—co-founder of Maryknoll, missionary, journalist, traveler, and leader. *All The Day Long* is as inspiring as it is polished and will go down as another milestone in the list of prose accomplishments of the poet-writer, Mr. Sargent.

With the records of the Propagation of the Faith office, various personal letters, numerous mission publications, and the co-operation of the friends and associates of the late Bishop at his disposal, Mr. Sargent tells the life story of the famed Bostonian, from the early days of boyhood through inspiring seminary days, trials of the parish assistant, travels as Director of the S.P.F., paternal and domestic worries of the Superior of Maryknoll, to the retiring death bed scene in the atmosphere of his own growing institution, Maryknoll.

As a seminarian, Bishop Walsh became intensely interested in the plight of missionaries in the field. It was the stories of his professors and the letters from their acquaintances in the field that filled his heart with the desire to do something for them. It was during these zealous student days that he felt that his life was destined for mission work.

In the role of parish assistant at St. Patrick's, Roxbury, in his native Boston, he found difficulty in realizing his ambitions toward his supposedly ultimate goal, the missions. What he did do, however, was to enkindle his desires through his sermons, which eventually made his Bostonian parishoners mission-conscious.

His other means of expressing his ideas for this American mission crusade, was his own magazine, called *The Field Afar*, which he edited.

It was this publication which attracted the American leaders of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. It was his zealous, untiring work as the Director of this organization which convinced the American hierarchy of the need of American missionaries in foreign fields. The Church in America was in need of an American missionary-producing seminary before she could send out men of her own training. America was considered a stronghold of Protestantism because, for one reason, the Protestant missionaries in foreign fields were in great numbers.

With the go-ahead signal from Rome and the encouragement and financial backing of the American hierarchy, Father Walsh set out (with his eminent North Carolina missionary friend, Father Price) on the job of establishing the first American missionary seminary.

Maryknoll had its start in the humble surroundings of a farm along the Hudson River in New York. The human trials and domestic troubles of the early years add touching, human color to the narrative. Through the stormy depression years, from a small house and a few barns, Maryknoll expanded in size and enjoyed steady increases in numbers. As the institution grew from infancy, so have her works in the field. Maryknoll stands on firm ground.

Climaxing his eventful career, Father Walsh was honored by the Holy Father with the Episcopate. The key to his success is found in one of his famous answers to many a query: "I have no fear, for it is God's work and He will see that it is done."

*Royal Road*, by Arthur Kuhl; Sheed and Ward, New York, 1941, 189 pp.

JAMES R. BOGAN

Here is a meditation for us today who are prone to forget the internal problems of our nation. Reiterating the cry against the injustices done the American negro, Mr. Kuhl tells the story of Jesse Stuart. We read of a young negro who, failing to find work in one of our large cities, drifts into bad company and into crime. Stuart was no criminal but because he was a negro the ways of crime seemed more feasible. Having been arrested upon the charge of snatching a woman's purse, Jesse's picture was plastered all over the newspapers. Thus, he was identified as being the negro who had been terrorizing the city by attacking white women. Though innocent, there is no pity for him. He is a negro; of course he must be guilty.

It is in the final chapter that Mr. Kuhl makes a comparison that is meant to drive home his point once more. The final walk of Jesse to the electric chair is compared to the passion of Christ. However, the story becomes too sentimental and the effect is lost. We cannot sympathize with the plight of Stuart because to us he is repulsive. Mr. Kuhl's over use

of the negro dialect hinders our reading and puts us out of patience with the thick-witted and slow-moving Jesse. Rather than arousing the cry of race toleration, this story has a negative effect. The impression is given that Stuart is responsible for his infamous end and that death would be more desirable in his case than the kind of life he was forced to lead.

Mr. Kuhl has succeeded in writing a realistic story that should convey a heavy piece of propaganda. If he wishes to preach race toleration, emphasizing the American negro, it is my impression that Mr. Kuhl should have and could have chosen a more worthy character than Jesse Stuart of *Royal Road*.

*The Jesuits In History*, by Martin P. Harney, S.J., M.A. The American Press, New York, 1941. 455 pp.

EDWARD HARKENRIDER

History, indeed, is intriguing. It is because of this fact that it is with no difficulty, but rather with delight and eagerness that one may venture to delve into "The Jesuits in History." Here we are given a very broad view of the Society of Jesus, stretching over a period of four centuries from its founding or birth in 1534 to the present date. We see much of its heroic founder, St. Ignatius, from his birth until his death. We see him striving on and on, sometimes faltering, but always going forward until he has succeeded in substantially erecting the foundation for the great Jesuit order. Its birth was very humble, its growth, too, was very humble, but most important of all we see its members, and they are very humble. We see this infant arise, weak though it is, to fight off the ravishing sieges of the Reformation. Catholics as well as non-Catholics oppose it and fight it. We learn of its expansion, of its journey to foreign lands, of its promotion of education, and most of all of its heroic men. Can anyone fail to be desirous of reading the magnificent past of the Jesuit order?

However, a constant source of irritation is the steady flow of dates and names, which tends to make this book too factual. Dates and names when they are in excess are as too many parenthetical expressions among which one soon becomes lost in a maze of interruptions. Complete and concentrated effort is demanded to read this volume, and yet, with such an effort one still finds himself merely reading words and letters, as if he were attempting to read a language unknown to him. Interest can be stirred up, but it, too, in a few minutes has been displaced by disinterest, as one becomes fatigued from constantly dodging the barrage of hurling dates and names.

Still further, there is a certain deprivation of romance that tends to represent the most exciting adventures and blood chilling events, as if they were petty occurrences common to the lot of us. Man has an intellect and imagination, which he strives to satisfy. To appeal to the



normal person one must use both the means to man's intellect and his imagination. No doubt this historical volume appeals too, too little to the imaginative side of man. Instead of coupling the intellectual with the imaginative it has made the intellect its one and only end. It is only natural, then, that the book cannot secure firmly the interest of its reader. Perhaps, one who is in favor of this book may argue that because it covers such a vast period of time and such a great number of events, that it has no space for the imaginative. But such an excuse has a false bottom, for such a book will prove only dull and uninteresting and as a result will be rarely read. But were it to imbibe the fruits of the imaginative it would gain interest and thus accomplish the end, i. e., that all might learn of the heroic Jesuits. It would be far better if the contents of this book were distributed into several volumes, and if part of the intellectual food would be supplemented by the imaginative, for then if the first volume proved captivating, the rest would be readily snatched up. Yet, as it stands, the intellectual abundance will force the average student to lay it aside for all times, having read but a few of its many pages.

As a literary critic, one must admit that it fails to be a truly great historical work, though it has great potentialities that are dormant. One may, indeed, comment that "The Jesuits in History" is a splendid tribute to those thousands of Jesuits who have lived and who live today. Yet this tribute will remain as a dull, hidden gem until it has been found and polished. Then its brilliant glitter will attract and will hold the eye of its admirer. It is only then that we say that it must be placed upon your "having been read" shelf.

*Bibliography of Economic Books and Pamphlets By Catholic Authors, 1891-1941*, by Paul J. Fitzpatrick, Cletus F. Dirksen. Catholic University of America Press, Washington, D. C. 55 pp.

STEVEN D. THEODOSIS

Culminating a year and a half of research and industry, the *Bibliography* is the first of its kind to be published. Being a consolidated work it has two purposes. "First it seeks to meet the needs of numerous persons who have asked for a complete list of books on economic subjects written in English by Catholics during the past 50 years. Second, it aims to commemorate the anniversary of the economic Encyclicals *Rerum Novarum*, issued by Pope Leo XIII in 1891, and *Quadragesimo Anno*, by Pope Pius XI in 1931."

"The *Bibliography* was originally undertaken as a thesis for the Master's Degree at the Catholic University of America under the title *A Survey of Economic Literature by Catholic Authors, 1890-1940* by Cletus F. Dirksen, C.P.P.S. Since the completion of the Master's thesis, which

was somewhat necessarily restricted in scope and method, further investigation has unearthed additional titles. Thus it seemed desirable to put in convenient form all these materials for the use of students, teachers, and research workers."

Divided into two parts, the first section enumerates 400 books alphabetically listing the names of their authors. The subject matter of some books does not treat wholly of economics. Others are revisions by Catholic men of books originally written by non-Catholic authors. Part II of the present outline consists of a list of 300 pamphlets on economic subjects by Catholic writers. "Because of the peculiar characteristics of pamphlet material, for example, their place and time relations and the inclusion of whatever important data they contained in subsequent volumes, it was decided to restrict the present outline to cover pamphlets published by Catholics during the past 20 years."

The *Bibliography* besides being accurate and complete, is a most handy volume. To those interested in economics based on Christian principles, the work is invaluable. Although the worthiness of the material in the contents is not entirely free from error, nevertheless it is believed to be as accurate as care and industry can make it.

# Exchanges

FRANCIS L. KINNEY

Experimentation, even in conducting an attractive exchange department, has proven itself worthwhile. At least, it is not stretching a point to say that the survey to be revealed herein is an experiment. More specifically, the following comments are meant to arouse that spirit of competition and disputation which is characteristic of every Catholic journalist. The idea of exchanges among college magazines embodies more than the mere physical act of mailing. It includes the exchange of literary ideas and, above all, it affords practice in the art of literary criticism. The practice of the latter is an art to which every writer aspires. Exchanges, more than any other department in a literary publication, give an opportunity for experience there. With this idea in mind, *Measure* embarked upon this very practical experiment.

Recently, letters were issued to the editors of several college magazines, half being sent to colleges of young men and half to the colleges of young ladies. A very pertinent question was contained in these missives. To the young ladies the letter queried: "How do the publications of young women rank or compare with those published by young men? What are the points of similarity and dissimilarity?" The same questions were asked the young men regarding the ladies' publications. Fortunately for the ladies, Miss Anne O'Rourke from the *Tower*, published by the students of St. Mary of the Springs College, Columbus, Ohio, rose to set forth the feminine side of the picture. For a time there was no one to defend the position of the young men until Mr. Albert Hurley of St. Joseph's volunteered for the task. In the spirit of true and earnest evaluation, combined with humor and even satire, the comments of these two representatives are unique and will do much to encourage even more active exchanges in the future. The remarks of Miss O'Rourke are first, with Mr. Hurley giving the rebuttal.

Miss O'Rourke writes:

"Catholic college publications all have one characteristic in common, to our way of thinking. Interwoven into every article is basic religious truth. That truth is so embedded into the personality of the Catholic college students that it flows from his or her pen without any conscious effort to reawakening the world to Christianity. So it is that a student may write a short story, frothy and apparently without depth, and yet in a single line of dialogue strike more closely at religious truth than does a feature article on the "Rise and Fall of Christianity." Because, obviously, isn't one more likely to strike an appreciative chord in the mind of the reader, if he or she pictures life as the reader lives it and in the language the reader might use to describe it?

And it is in that essence of religious truth that we believe, 'He' and 'She' of the Catholic college world differ most radically. How does the Catholic woman feel towards a publication from a Catholic College for men? Well, it strikes at her from the moment she leafs through the magazine, seeking out possible intriguing titles. Rarely does she find one. 'He' has a way of stating his topic and then setting out in a deadly serious manner to accomplish his purpose. And therein is the difference, a difference of proportion. Truth is the dynamic force behind his writing. Its expression is the end-all, and a very serious end-all, of his work. So 'He' vigorously attacks the enemies of truth—bigotry, sham, lies—and strikes them a death blow, out in the open without any attempt at concealment. His is a serious obligation and its fulfillment leaves no time for misnamed light reading.

Well, what does 'She' think of his publication? At first she is almost overwhelmed in the midst of so much factual material. She hunts desperately for Sue and her plight, commonly known as *Junior Prom*, in the third feature spot written by her roommate. Despairing then, what to do? Reading is the only solution. So 'She' starts to plow through and pretty soon, she isn't plowing. *Philosophy in Ancient Greece* must be important, at least she guesses so.

Then, 'She' starts to wonder. Does 'He' enjoy this? Maybe, but doesn't 'She' know a few so-called Catholic college men to whom all this seriousness might be depressing and even boring for a steady diet. On the other hand, why shouldn't a little more serious expression of truth give depth to the publications of the Catholic college women? 'She' shudders at the thought of his reaction to the latter. Solution? Maybe there's a lesson in it for both 'He' and 'She.' Depth of thought is most essential, particularly from a man's point of view, but light variety has its place. First law of writing—Reach your reader. But isn't it a conditional law? Isn't remembering what a many-sided, complex, religious and emotional human being your reader is, important too?"

Mr. Hurley says: "A comparative study of the publications written and edited by Catholic young men and young women is, indeed, undertaken with little difficulty. The first glance at a publication enables us to label its author. In fact, I proceeded to sort the magazines in this haphazard fashion and rarely was I wrong in my judgments. On one side I had piled the delicately designed, the uniquely colored covered magazines; on the other side were those with frankly glaring captions revealing their contents and making no 'bones' about it. Thus the first point of comparison is evidenced, the external make-up of a young lady's book differs essentially from the young man's. She attempts to put on a good front, an attractive cover, a subtle invitation to 'pick me up and read me.' However, while the young man realizes the aesthetic value of



an attractive cover, he is more prone to look to its primary purpose. After all, it is a cover, a protection and label for the contents.

When we look at the serious subject matter (if there is any) of the lady's literary creation, the dearth of interestingly written scientific articles is heart-rending. Our feminine friend would rather discuss social problems or delve into the work of 'Margaret Fuller and the Brook Farm Movement.' Catholic Action is zealously fostered by our feminine magazines. However, she is more inclined to deal with the sense-appealing qualities of our religion than to show its highly intellectual side. As an example, the Liturgy never fails to exhaust her interest.

For sheer variety the young lady has far surpassed the young man. Her magazine is a realm of departments and reviews. She seems to have a 'knack' for making us comfortable while keeping up a steady stream of chatter. We are amused and at ease and so . . . we fall asleep. We will admit that it's all very nice but . . . Have you never been challenged in your reading? Our young men without exception will twist and turn you with their hypotheses and syllogisms.

There is a different outlook or perspective easily seen in girls' publications. The male will write only when he is singularly inspired, encouraged or prodded. He finds it an effort to express his views precisely on a subject he has no particular interest in and scoffs at the attempt to write when there is nothing of great momentum to consider. On the other hand, the young lady will write just for the sake of having her say. It does not matter to her whether or not her reasons for an opinion are supported by valid logic. They are hers and she issues them with spontaneity and zest. Perhaps, this may explain why poetry is more prevalent in her magazine. In that literary field any sort of a license is available and the young lady knows that she will not be too severely criticized for anything that she may say there. Not that she is altogether irrational; we would rather call her more whimsical than the young man.

On the whole, she manages to pour most of her genius into the short story. Many male publications would do well to follow her in that field of expression. Here she seems more natural and more beautiful to us; there is no consciousness of the fact that an effort was put into her story. Character analysis and insight into the human emotions are offered which cannot help but be admired and praised. Yes, there is certainly a place for the young Catholic girl in literature."